Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinnd I not,
But in miſtaking.
Prince By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauy waight,
That heele enioyne me to.
Leonato I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impoſſible, but I pray you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in Meſſina here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon in law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my child thats dead,
And ſhe alone is heyre to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.
Claudio O noble ſir!
Your ouer kindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer and diſpoſe,
For henceforth of poore Claudio.
Leonato To morrow then I wil expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughty man
Shal face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleeue was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.
Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwayes hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Conſt. Moreouer ſir, which indeede is not vnder white and blacke, this plaintiffe heere, the offendour, did call me aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the

the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they ſay he weares a key in his eare and a locke hanging by it, and borows monie in Gods name, the which he hath vſde ſo long, & neuer paied, that now men grow hard hearted and wil lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you examine him vpon that point.
Leonato I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.
Conſt. Your worſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankful and reuerent youth, and I praiſe God for you.
Leon. Theres for thy paines.
Conſt. God ſaue the foundation.
Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.
Conſt. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worſhip, I wiſh your worſhip well, God reſtore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart and if a merie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.
Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.
Brot. Farewell my lords, we looke for you to morrow.
Prince We will not faile.
Claud. To night ile mourne with Hero.
Leonato Bring you theſe fellowes on, weel talke with Margaret, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd felow. *exeunt*

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Bened. Praie thee ſweete miſtris Margaret, deſerue well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.
Mar. Wil you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beautie?
Bene. In ſo high a ſtile Margaret, that no man liuing ſhall come ouer it, for in moſt comely truth thou deſerueſt it.
Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why ſhal I alwaies keep below ſtaires.
Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.
Mar. And your's, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.